

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 8.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.07 p. m. and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 8.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 8.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.07 and 7.55. For Pottsville at 8.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn via S. & S. R. at 8.10 a. m. For Allentown, at 8.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 8.20, 8.10 a. m., 3.57 and 7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York. The 8.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia. SUNDAYS: For New York, at 8.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 8.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.36 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 1.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.20, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 8.10, 9.25 a. m. and 4.55 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 5.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. R. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.39, 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.00 p. m. SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 8.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent. *Does not run on Mondays. *Via Morris and Essex R. R.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Millintown Acc. 7.32 A. M., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. WEST. Way Passenger, 9.08 A. M., daily. Millintown Acc. 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 P. M., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 A. M., daily (flag). Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Allegheny time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EASTWARD. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M. Johnstown Ex. 12.55 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.20 P. M. Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.00 P. M., daily except Sunday. Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.16 P. M. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M. W. M. C. KING Agent.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new Saddlery Shop in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere. FINE HARNESS a speciality. REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices. HIDES taken in exchange for work. D. F. QUIGLEY & CO. Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

PATENTS.

Fee Reduced, Entire Cost \$55. Patent Office Fee \$55 in advance, balance \$20 within 9 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold. J. VANCE LEWIS & CO., 19-3m Washington, D. C. 500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x25 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents are meeting with great success. For particulars, address H. M. GARDNER, Publisher, 45 1/2 York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will take on hand, and will sell at REDUCED PRICES, Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. F. S. Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Bindings made a speciality. JOS. M. HAWLEY. Duncannon, July 16, 1876-17

New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children. The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$8.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10.00 per month. Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$8. and \$14. per month. Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates. Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions. The undersigned having had over 10 years experience in the claim agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act. Call on or address LEWIS POTTER, Attorney for Claimants, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

TRYING THEIR FORTUNE.

"DO YOU know, girls," said Hattie Lane, looking up suddenly from her plate of walnuts—"do you know this is Hallow Eve?" Two pairs of bright eyes—the one sparkling black, the other deep, thoughtful eyes—glanced up, reflecting the cheery light of a wood-fire. "Well?" said the owner of the black eyes, inquiringly. "Well," repeated Hattie, "we can have our fortunes told, on 'this of all days in the year.'" "So we can!" exclaimed Josie eagerly: "if we only knew how it is done." "Oh, I know all about that!" Hattie said confidently. "It is simple and easy enough. You see, there are several ways, but the two best are—for the first to go into the garden in your night-dress, backward, and pull up a cabbage by the roots—" "A cabbage!" exclaimed Barbara Locke, opening her dark-gray eyes. "Well, that is romantic; but go on." "The first person of the other sex who speaks to you after the cabbage-pulling," resumed Hattie, solemnly, "is destined to be your future husband."

"Indeed! How nice!" said Josie, sarcastically. "Of course it is understood that the gentleman doesn't see his future wife while she is in her airy attire and in the act of plucking the interesting vegetable. But what is the second recipe Hattie?" "In this you are also to be in your night-dress," Hattie continued. "Then you are to take a lamp in one hand, a comb in the other, and walk into an unoccupied chamber where there is a mirror. You must look neither to the right nor to the left, but set down your lamp and stand before the mirror, combing your head and eating an apple. When the clock strikes twelve, you are to raise your eyes to the mirror, and there you will see reflected the face of your future husband, looking over your shoulder."

"Ugh!" said Josie with a shudder—"how ghostly! I shouldn't at all enjoy seeing my future spouse under such peculiar circumstances. I'll try the cabbage experiment, girls, and leave the other to yourselves." "Oh, as to that," Hattie said, half archly and half blushing. "I've no further occasion for such experiments. My fortune is told, you know. But you, Barbara—who knows what brilliant destiny may be revealed to you to-night? And there is Aunt Mary's big guest-chamber, with the old-fashioned ebony-framed mirror—the very place for the comb-and-apple incantation!"

"Indeed," Barbara said, shrugging her graceful shoulders—"indeed I must beg to be excused. I am no believer in the magic power of combs, apples and cabbages for anvilting the future." "But for the fun of the thing, Barbie," Josie said, pleadingly, "if I try one plan, you might undertake the other; and to-morrow, when we meet, we'll compare notes." So, after some discussion, half laughing and half earnest, Barbara promised, and then, as the clock struck ten, she and Hattie rose to go home.

It was no great distance from Mrs. Booker's to Miss Lane's—only a few turns of a village street. Tom Booker, Josie's school-boy brother was roused from his nap on the sofa, and unwillingly pressed into service as escort. The girls, wrapped in shawls and nubbies, stood for a moment on the front steps, admiring the moonlight and the clear, blue sky, with its myriads of bright stars.

"The cabbages will look splendid to-night," Josie said; "all glistening with dew drops, like so many diamonds. You need not laugh, Barbie; you who live in the city can have no idea of how much real beauty there is in a bed of dewy cabbages on a moonlight night. Pity I shall be deprived of the sight by having to walk backward. Good-night! Don't forget the mirror and the apple!"

In the big white house, under the aspen trees, only one dim light shone as Hattie and her cousin ascended the steps. "We won't wake Aunt Mary," said Barbara. "She has become tired of waiting for us, and has gone to bed." So, quietly extinguishing the hall lamp, they crept on tip-toe, to their own room, and there sat before the fire, softly talking, as girls do on such occasions no matter how late the hour may be. But on this particular night it was necessary that they should keep awake; for was not Barbara going to try her fortune?

"It wants only ten minutes of twelve, Barbie," said Hattie, at length. "Quite time for you to be at your post, if you would not miss tryst with your future lord and master. Here is the comb, and here the apple. I have chosen a small one, you see, knowing that you would have but little appetite at such a crisis. Now let down your hair—lovely hair it is—and your true love, being behind you, will have full opportunity of admiring it. There, take the candle and repair to your tryst." "I declare, Hattie, I am almost

afraid," said Barbara, half laughing. "If I had not promised Josie—but she will laugh at me for backing out at the last moment, so I will be brave and win my fortune."

Despite her forced bravery, she felt something like a shudder creep through her frame, as, in the midnight silence, she traversed the long, dim passage and opened the door of the unoccupied state-chamber.

One involuntary glance she gave before entering. There was a large, shadowy room, with the great mahogany four-post bedstead, looming up, with its heavy draperies; and she caught the dusky gleam of the mirror, which faced her on the opposite side of the room, exactly at the foot of the bed.

It was a hasty glance, for she remembered that, according to Hattie's instructions, she was to 'look neither to the right nor to the left;' and so she walked steadily, yet noiselessly, across the floor, deposited the lamp on the old-fashioned bureau, took a tiny bite of her apple, and with both hands, that would tremble, commenced combing the glossy tresses which fell in a golden flood around her slender figure, robed in its pure, white garments.

A moment passed, Barbara slowly passing the comb through her hair, listened, with a beating heart, for the striking of the clock.

She felt nervous, and wished she had not undertaken this silly experiment. Then she became conscious of a vague feeling of superstitious awe.

What if, after all, there should be something in these old-time superstitions? What if something should appear to her, and— But what was that slight, almost imperceptible sound behind her? Had some one touched her hair? Was some mysterious, impalpable presence near her?

At the thought her heart stood still, and her very blood seemed curdling in her veins. She heard the sound of the old clock in the hall below striking, one, two; and it was not until the last stroke rang out that she dared to raise her eyes to the mirror before which she stood.

Gracious heavens! There was a face reflected in that glass—a strange face, dark and handsome, and but indistinctly seen, as, out of the shadowy depths behind her, it looked over her shoulder full into the startled eyes reflected in the mirror.

Barbara gave one look one shriek, and in her nervous terror, fell fainting to the floor.

Meantime, how fared it with Josie Booker?

Josie conscious that her mother would disapprove of her proposed moonlight expedition, waited till Tom returned from his knight-errant service, and took him into her confidence.

In consideration of her writing his week's school exercises, he undertook to stand sentry at the back door, while she, repeating certain incantations and invocations, as solemnly enjoined by Hattie, slowly paced backward down the garden walk.

Though in her night-dress—an indispensable requisite to the success of the spell—she had taken the precaution to envelop herself in a water-proof cloak, both to escape observation and to guard against a possible cold.

There was nothing white visible about her except a cluster of curl-papers projecting from under the cloak hood.

Tom, kicking his frosty feet on the stone steps, whistled in a low key, as he watched his sister's dark figure gradually recede in the moonlight, thinking to himself how troublesome and silly girls were.

From this mood he was aroused by a cheery voice behind him, as somebody entered the yard gate.

"Why, Tom, old fellow; studying astronomy for to-morrow's class?"

It was Phillip Lane, Hattie's lawyer-brother, who had been for weeks promising to his aunt and sister a visit.

"Lor!" said Tom, how ever did you come here, unless you dropped from the moon?"

"I arrived, an hour ago, by a terrestrial conveyance. Where are the girls, Tom? It's time they should be at home. And how is Miss Josie?"

Now, Tom Booker was a precocious youth, and at this moment a brilliant idea flashed upon his brain.

"Hush!" he said, in a whisper. "The girls are gone to bed long ago, and I'm set here to watch for cabbage-thieves."

"Ah, indeed!"

"You see," continued Tom, with a moral delinquency appalling in one of his years—"you see, every night for a week past our cabbages have been stolen and we've never been able to find out the—Hush! Ain't there somebody down there now?"

"Yes, I think there is," answered Phil Lane, looking attentively over the garden paling.

"I'm afraid to go down there by myself," Tom whined, pathetically. "They might kill me, you know. But if you don't mind—"

In this direction, while I take him in the flank and rear. He won't escape this time, I'll warrant."

Josie, progressing slowly backward, paused at the first cabbage against which she chanced to stumble. Kneeling and putting her hands behind her, she seized the stalk of the magic vegetable, and essayed to pull it up by the roots. It proved a task of greater difficulty than she had expected, and found it necessary to apply her whole strength to the undertaking.

"My goodness!" she thought, "what a tough pull for a husband! And if I don't succeed, I shall be an old maid—so Hattie said. My! how ridiculous I must look! I wouldn't have any of the men see me, especially Phil Lane, for—"

Here the obstinate root yielded, and Josie fell forward among the wet weeds. She sprang up in an instant triumphantly grasping her prize.

"I wonder who will be the first to speak to me now?" she thought. "Ugh! Suppose some ghostly voice should call to me out of—"

"Hello! not so fast!" cried a voice behind her, and she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder.

With a wild shriek, she darted away in her fright taking the opposite direction from the house.

She heard swift footsteps pursuing, and the two flying figures rapidly made the circuit of the garden, while Tom, looking on at the chase, fairly yelled with delight.

At length, a treacherous vine caught about Josie's feet, and she stopped short and desperately faced her pursuer.

"Phillip Lane!"

"Josie!"

Her face, pale before, now became crimson with mortification, which rapidly changed to anger.

"Mr. Lane," she said, hotly, "I am yet to learn the meaning of this—this most extraordinary conduct!"

"Why, Josie! I had no idea it was you! I took you for a cabbage-thief!"

"Indeed! And who gave you the right to intrude upon private premises, and—frighten people half to death and—"

Her assumed dignity was fast failing, and tears began to start into her eyes.

"Come, Josie, don't be angry with me. It was all a mistake. And how was I to recognize you in such a position?"

She drew her water-proof close around her, and involuntarily pulled the hood over the clustering curl-papers.

"You will forgive me, Josie, and shake hands, won't you? It is so long since I have seen you—three whole months."

"No, sir, I will not shake hands with you—at least not to-night," she concluded, rather lamely, as she met the pleading eyes fixed upon her own in the moonlight.

"Oh, well, to-morrow then. But, Josie, what on earth could you be wanting with a—with vegetables, at this time of night?"

"Oh, you see, it's Hallow-Eve," said Tom, coming up, with a broad grin on his interesting physiognomy. "She was trying her fortune, you know. The first man who spoke to her after she had pulled up the cabbage was to be her future husband, you know. Isn't that it, Josie?"

But Josie was rapidly retreating toward the house, where, upon reaching her own room, she burst into hysterical weeping, and made a solemn vow to box Tom's ears the first thing in the morning, and also not to speak to Phillip Lane while he remained in G—.

How she kept the latter vow was apparent next evening, when she formed one of a group of girls who were gathered in Hattie Lane's room, listening with intent interest to Aunt Mary's account of Barbara's extraordinary adventure of the preceding night.

"It was just like Phillip," said she "to arrive at bed-time, and bring his friend with him, without giving me a word of notice; and the consequence was that there wasn't so much as a fire in the spare chamber. Jane had gone to bed, and all I could do was to put on plenty of blankets, and make them take some hot coffee—they had had supper at Cooke's, it seems. And then, while Mr. Stanard retired, Phil went over to Mrs. Booker's for the girls, taking the back way for shortness—and so they missed each other. I heard Hattie and Barbara stealing up stairs, to escape a scolding, I suppose, for staying out so late, and I thought it might be just as well to let them retire without telling them of the arrival, thinking what a surprise it would be in the morning. But if I had suspected that the child was going to do so silly a thing, and scare herself out of her wits, and astonish Mr. Stanard with the belief that she was a sonnambulist—"

Here Barbara hid her face on Aunt Barbara's shoulder, and the girls broke into merry laughter.

"Oh, Auntie, it was so awful!" murmured Barbara.

"Awful!" said one of the girls. "Why, Barbie, I think it was the nicest thing that could have happened. I'll

bet you a bridal present that your Hallow-Eve spell 'comes true,' as the children say."

"And as for Josie's experience," said Aunt Mary, "why I could have predicted her fortune a year ago, without the aid of a cabbage. But come now, girls, let us go to the parlor, or the young men will become impatient for their dance, and you know, Barbie, you are engaged for the first set to the handsome apparition that appeared to you through the bed-curtains on Hallow-Eve."

To this day, the young folks of G—, put great faith in the efficacy of Hallow-Eve charms and spells, and in proof thereof point to two of the happiest matches that have ever taken place in the little town.

A Short Temperance Story.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came in whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the uttermost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess! Look upon me! You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in town; you all know, too, that I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys! Where are they now?—Doctor where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—everyone of them filling a drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, pointing with a shred of a finger toward the minister, deacon and doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow, I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys, was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into the snare and they could not escape; and one after another they were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands are almost run out. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor house—to warn you deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word! And with her arms flung high, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and the physician hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any license be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous answer was "No."

The San Francisco Chronicle says: Oh the last trip of the schooner Lola from Vallejo to this port, the wind having fallen off and the vessel being in four fathoms of water, the anchor was let go, pursuant to the order of the master, Hughes, who had gone forward to give it. As the anchor was let slip, a 2 1/2 inch line by which a buoy was made fast to its chain accidentally took a turn round the master's leg and whipped him over the side and down into the sea.

As he went rushing feet first to the bottom he drew and opened a pocket-knife, and with one desperate effort of strength against the pressure of the water he stooped down and severed the line, having to cut deep into the flesh of his leg to do so. As he shot up almost as swiftly as he had gone down he returned the knife to his pocket, and when he reached the surface was picked up with only a lanced ankle as the result of what would have been a dive to death but for his coolness and nerve.